BOWS TO THE TIGER

Cleveland Surrenders to His Enemy, Tammany.

WHITNEY STEERS THE DEAL

But the Respectable Democrats Secretly Protest Against It—Southerners Scared.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—A prominent democrat who has been much about the democratic headquarters in New York City, who was one of those who was the most active in securing the nomination of Cleveland, who is opposed to Tammany hall, spent a few hours here Saturday. He said to a friend, as a fact, that which for some days has been the general belief here, that there can no longer be any doubt but that Cleveland has surrendered absolutely to Tammany hall and has authorized ex-Secretary Whitney, on his behalf and in his name, to make any treaty with Tammany hall which the latter may demand as the condition of its support. In other words Tammany is to be the controlling factor in national politics in case Cleveland shall be elected, and whether Cleveland shall be elected or not, Tammany is to be permitted to carry out its program in state politics without opposition from Cleveland or his managers. The anti-snappers are in consequence to be ignored. The outspoken, hostile interview of ex-Mayor Grace, one of the leaders of the anti-snappers, and the indifference of the other men who engineered the May convention, are a proof that the better element in the democracy in New York politics has been ignored and that Whitney has deemed it necessary to surrender everything to the dictation of Tammany hall as the only possible hope of success.

Tammany Takes All.

What effect this abandonment of the men, who alone made Cleveland's nomination possible, for the organization which took the position at Chicago which is known to all the world may have, must be left to conjecture. Bourke Cockran would never have offered his services for the campaign unless Tammany hall had had its price. Senator Hill is said to be waiting for some more detailed agreement as to state matters before definitely declaring himself. The Tammany organization exacts as a return for its support of the national ticket that there shall be no demonstration made in New York city against its organization this fall. Mr. Croker feels that he has good reasons for making such demands. A mayor is to be elected who will have the appointment of certain officials who will have control of all the city departments which are not now in the possession of Tammany hall. If that mayor should be an anti-Tammany man he would be able to seriously interfere with those Tammany projects which have in contemplation the absolute domination of the city.

Position of the Anti-Snappers.

Now, it so happened that nearly all of the men who took part in the May convention movement, or anti-snapper organization as it is called, have been almost as greatly opposed to Tammany as they were to Senator Hill's nomination for the presidency. Therefore, if the national committee should do anything which would give the slightest recognition to these anti-snapper people, Tammany would feel that its qualified promise to support the national ticket no longer held good, and would be likely to inform Mr. Harrity that the law of self-preservation ruled in Tammany hall just as it did in private life, and that it would be compelled to protect itself in the city in whatever way seemed wise to the leaders. On the other hand, the anti-snappers seem now determined to perfect their organization, which is not so much a Cleveland campaign organization as it is one whose purpose is to overthrow Tammany rule.

Whitney May Not Succeed.

There are at the lowest estimate some 40,000 democrats who are are not only in sympathy with this anti-Tammany movement, but who are willing to ally themselves with any anti-Tammany organization. Mr. Whitney promised the Tammany leaders that he would see to it that no demonstration should be made this fall in New York City against Tammany hall. He has been unable to make good that promise. In four districts organizations have all ready been perfected. Before September this organization will have been extended so far as to include at least twenty-five out of the thirty districts in the city.

Tammany is likely to be ugly, and this anti-Tammany organization is sure to be determined. Mr. Cleveland, instead of doing those things which he possibly might have done to prevent these antagonisms, has, with curious fatuity, done something to increase them.

When Grover Was Loved.

When Grover Cleveland was governor he gained respect and admiration because he seemed to be willing to antagonize Tammany hall. That body could not control him. He even went so far as to indicate that he was disgusted with the attempts of Tammany to dominate the democratic party, and he wrote one letter in which he asked Mr. Kelley, who was then ruler of the organization, to send Mr. Grady, who was prominent in Tammany councils at that time as Burke Cockran is now, to the rear. Very much of the strength which Cleveland has gained with the better element of the democratic party throughout the state has been due to his opposition to Tammany hall and its methods. Since his nomination at Chicago Mr. Cleveland seems to have changed his views regarding Tammany hall.

Southern Democrats Alarmed.

One of the most thoughtful, able, and intelligent of the southern democrats, who is opposed to the rule of Bourbon oligarchy which has for so long held domination in the southern states, after reviewing the situation in North Carolina and Alabama, and indicating that there is very serious danger of democratic defeat there, says: "It is a curious and significant fact that in Alabama as in North Carolina, the existing party division turns out upon analysis to be nothing more than a revolt of the young, ardent and progressive elements of the white population against the tyranny and the arbitrary methods of the Bourbons. In these, as in all southern states, there has been for at least a quarter of a century, an arrogant oligarchy, intolerant of opposition, impervious to enlightenment, and, accordingly unfit for domination. Against this haughty and oppressive rule the ferment of rebellion has long been actively at work. Confinement has only intensified it.

Broke From the Standard.

Defeat has but served to give it added strength and energy. Events in Alabama have made it impossible to swear away the gravity of that situation. Fully 60 per cent of the white voters of the state have, by the admission of leading democratic papers in Alabama, allied themselves with the revolution. In defiance of the fiercest denunciation, and in contempt of a rancorous persecution without parallel in American politics, a majority of its quondam followers have broken away from the democratic organization and raised the standard of free thought, free speech and free political action. The revolt is not the idle and fantastic caprice of a thoughtless and shapeless rabble, but the serious, coherent gravitation of a powerful and intelligent body. The regime of the oligarchy draws to a close. Emancipation day for the southern whites is dawning."

REPOSE.

The clouds have thrown long golden anchors out
To reach the fastnesses among the hills
That purple rise and hem the blue sea in;
Upon its azure tablets has the sun
Writ his last message. Birds forget their quest,
And hearts their trouble; flowers cease to fade;
Fear has been lost and the keen sense of hope
Been dulled a little through what promises
To be the eve of a fulfillment sweet;
Sleep draws the curtains of that other land,
Then works a charm to blind the vision there;
While, like a ghost of the departed sun,
The moon steals spiritlike upon the world,
And just as silently the azure sea
To silver turns, and the tired earth forgets
It ever was, or it must be again.

—Mary A. Mason in Boston Transcript.

HOLLOWAY HOUSE.

Arthur Severn raised his head from the book which he had been poring over the greater part of the afternoon and gazed despondently at the dingy walls of the room. Finally he arose, and going to the window peered out through the cracked and grimy panes of glass, now streaked with rain, which was driving violently from the east. From early morning the rain had been falling incessantly, and as darkness began to close around the village the wind blew more violently than ever and the rain fell in heavier torrents. A large brown patch appeared on the ceiling above and the water began to drip down and form little puddles on the uncarpeted floor. It was a melancholy day and Severn felt that it accorded well with his own evil fortune. He occupied the only habitable room in a large, old, tumble down house that stood off at one side of the village near the river and had been falling to decay for years.

Severn was striving to make his way through college, and when the landlord's agent suggested his taking a room in the "old Holloway house" at a much lower figure than he could obtain lodging for elsewhere he felt constrained on account of his poverty to accept the offer. His parents were poor, and, moreover, adverse to his taking a college course, so that he was unable to receive any aid from them. For some time past he had found himself inextricably involved in financial embarrassment, and he had often been on the point of giving up the whole thing, but the letters which came from Mary Eldridge full of encouragement and loving sympathy always induced him to take a brighter view of the circumstances.

He had met Mary at the academy at Melville, and a mutual admiration for each other's scholarly attainments had been the first step in the formation of a friendship that ripened into love. Mary had gone to Wellesley to complete her education, and Severn was in his sophomore year in college. Miss Eldridge came of wealthy parents, and had always been surrounded with the comforts of a well ordered home. Severn knew that her unselfish disposition would exact no conditions to their engagement, but he was fully determined never to let her share his lot until he had completed his education and secured a competent income.

During the last year a series of misfortunes had overtaken him. A friend to whom he had loaned the money with which he expected to meet the bulk of his expenses suddenly died, leaving his debts wholly unliquidated. Severn himself had undergone a severe illness during the fall, and to satisfy his numerous obligations he secured a few hundred dollars from Mr. Holloway, who was always ready to make loans at usurious interest, but remorseless in exacting his claims. Finally he began to receive letters from home urging him to return to the farm. "Unless he could give some aid they would lose the old place," his mother wrote.

If duty called him home he would go, but he felt if he did his prospects were gone. An idea struck him. If he could induce Mr. Holloway to give him time on his loan and trust him for his rent until he could get to earn something he would send the money home which he had been accumulating for the payment of the debt. He went to see Mr. Holloway, but the response to his request was so chilly that he felt almost guilty of some heinous crime.

"It is not business," said Mr. Holloway, "not business. Would like to oblige you, but must have some method, you know."

A dunning letter from the agent, following conspicuously close upon his visit to Mr. Holloway, filled his soul with bitterness. The way out of his difficulties seemed as dark as the day on which we find him brooding over his evil fortune in the "old Holloway House." The water fell in torrents and the river in the rear was so swollen by the rain that it had overflowed its banks and was washing the foundation stones of the shaky old structure. The room was chilly and wet, but he built no fire, and though darkness came on early he hardly observed the change, but sat pondering over the hopeless outlook without even the ghostly light from the seams in the rickety stove to reveal the outlines of the room.

The wind continued to rise and the rain to fall faster, until the old shell quivered and quaked, but Severn paid no attention. His soul was shaken by storm also. There was as much darkness within as without. He knew his own disposition too well to attempt to study until he could quiet his nerves, so he sat in the darkness until long after midnight, listening to the howling wind and the roar of the swollen river.

Suddenly there came a crash; there was a heavy fall of plastering, and for a minute Severn thought that the old house was about to give way. To have its walls fall upon him he knew would be almost certain death, but with a thrill of melancholy pleasure he hoped for a moment that it might happen. The old building creaked and strained, but there came a lull in the storm and it finally settled back to its normal condition.

Severn lighted the lamp to see if his books had been damaged and to investigate the injury to the room. A large patch of plastering had fallen from the wall and lay scattered over the floor. After the investigation he felt calmer and went to bed for the night.

The next morning, contrary to his usual neatness, he left the broom in its corner and the room continued to present a very dilapidated appearance. In the afternoon after returning from class he seated himself in his chair and gazed listlessly at the heap of rubbish on the floor. Stooping forward he took up a bit of broken plastering and slowly picked it to pieces, thinking of Mary and wondering if the day would ever brighten.

He had been pursuing this aimless occupation for some time when suddenly he observed that the face of the piece which he held in his hand was less discolored than that which surrounded the edge of the broken patch. He drew his chair closer to the wall, and on examining found that a hole had once been made through the lathing about a foot square. The pieces had afterward been spliced and a new coat of plastering overlaid. His curiosity was now excited to know the object of the opening, so he brought a hammer from a chest and proceeded to draw the nails. After removing the pieces he reached in and began to explore. There was nothing to be found, however, so he washed his hands and began to clear away the debris.

As he was about to replace the pieces of lath he thought he saw a string hanging down into the cavity. He reached his hand again into the opening, took hold of the filament and pulled, but it promptly broke. He examined the fibers and discovered that it was an old piece of silk cord, now extremely rotten and discolored. He became more curious and resolved to trace the mystery to its source. He reached his hand into the cavity as far as he could, following the cord. Again he pulled, and this time it resisted and he felt something at the other end move slightly. He gave a stronger pull, but the cord broke, this time at its point of attachment.

He improvised a hook by driving a nail into the end of a piece of board, and with this succeeded in drawing something toward him. Finally he was able to reach the object. He drew it in front of the opening, and with both hands lifted an old mahogany box out upon the floor. For some time he sat staring at it in curious suspense.

"Well, you are a queer fish in queer waters," said Severn to himself with suppressed excitement. "I guess you must have lost your bearings or you would never have been swallowed by this shark of a wall. I'll find out what's inside of you at any rate," and taking up a hammer he struck the old lock a heavy blow. He struck it again and again, but finally it broke and the lid flew open.

Severn drew back in astonishment and wonder, for his eyes rested upon a large leathern bag, and beside it were two bars of gold. With trembling hands he loosened the strings of the sack and opened it to find it full of gold coins. There were several compartments in the chest. In one he found a sparkling row of rings, and as he held them up to the light he saw by their brilliancy that they were diamonds of rare value. He found some papers that purported possession of a large amount of English property in one Cyrus Holloway, great-grandfather of the present landlord. There was an inventory of the contents of the box, and the amount counted up into the hundreds of thousands.

He was overwhelmed by the discovery and sat down to collect his thoughts. He remembered now of having once heard that Mr. Holloway had come of wealthy ancestry, but that during the Revolutionary war the largest part of the property had been lost, and that the fortune of the present Mr. Holloway was mostly of his own acquisition. There could be no doubt but that the box belonged by right to his landlord, but the temptation was terrible. There was no chance of discovery if he kept it himself, and besides it could add no material happiness to its legitimate owner, for he already had a sufficiency.

To Severn it represented all the comforts of life. He could pay all his debts, free his father's farm from the mortgage, complete his education and afterward provide a home for Mary.

The perspiration stood in beads on his forehead as he struggled against the tempter. Finally he rose and with compressed lips donned his hat, and locking the door behind him he turned his steps toward Mr. Holloway's.

"Of course it's mine, every cent of it," said Mr. Holloway, when an hour later he stood before the opened box. His eyes gleamed with satisfaction as he beheld the contents. He tucked the box under his coat and left the house with an admonition to Severn to keep quiet for a few weeks.

Severn felt intensely relieved. "I have been saved from a worse fate than poverty," he thought as he sat down to his books.

That evening Mr. Holloway's agent called to announce that Severn would be allowed time on his loan and that he might have a much better room in one of his new houses, with unlimited time for the payment of rent.

Severn was overjoyed; he sent the money to his mother, moved into his new quarters and afterward, by mysterious good luck, secured lucrative work, by means of which he completed his course in college very comfortably. On the day of graduation Mr. Holloway met him at the door of the church, and after granting him a congratulation invited him to call the next morning at his office.

At the appointed time he was on hand. "I need an honest man to attend to my business, and if you wish to take the position I offer you will be able to pay what you owe me," said Mr. Holloway.

A year later Severn went away for a few weeks and when he returned Mary came with him. Mr. Holloway proved a good friend in his way, and when he died a goodly share of the proceeds of the old chest passed as a legacy to Mr. Arthur Severn.—Chicago Evening News.

Another Serious Outbreak.

"Well," broke out the exchange editor all at once, "perhaps you can tell the difference, sir, between a tunnel and a leave of absence that has expired."

"The one is a bore," retorted the financial editor in a tone of loud defiance, "and the other gives you a tired feeling The band will now play 'Annie Lau'"——

"Shucks! You're not within a thousand miles of it. I knew you couldn't guess it. The difference is"——

"Hold on!" snorted the financial editor. "A man that can't guess a cheap little conundrum like that"——

"How do you know it's a cheap conundrum?" exclaimed the exchange editor excitedly.

"Didn't you try to give it away just now, I'd like to know?"

"'Mph! You gave yourself away trying to"——

"The difference," mused the financial editor, "between a tunnel and a—and a what?"

"A leave of absence that has expired."

"Well, now, I put it to you, if that isn't about the stupidest—hold on! I've got it. One is out at the endings and the other is the end of the outings"——

"Naw!" ejaculated the exchange editor, supremely disgusted. "The one is an excavation and the other is an excavation!"

It was a warm day and the financial editor fainted dead away.—Chicago Tribune.

A Filial Rebuke.

"Papa," inquired a Detroit small boy, "what sort of stone is wooden stone?"

"I never heard of any stone like that," replied the father, "and I don't think you ever did."

"Yes, I did, too," persisted the boy; "I heard the preacher say in his sermon that the heathen in their blindness bowed down to wooden stone. You'd better go to church, I guess."—Detroit Free Press.